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The News of Olden Time.

We hold a paper in our hands—
"A Journal of To-Day"—
So reads its modest title-page,
Now dim with age, and gray;
'Tis filled with startling incident,
With essay, tale and rhyme—
The doings of the Long Ago—
The news of olden time.

The nimble fingers, deft and spry,
That set this type of yore,
Have mingled with their kindred dust
Full fifty years or more;
Gone, long ago, the busy scribe
That drove the good quill-pen;
Closed, years agone, the eyes that read
The thoughts of honest men.

And yet, in those time-honored days,
They had their little spites
And jealousies, and quarreled o'er
Their fancied wrongs and rights;
The factions, led to victory,
Or beaten, left the field;
Poor, human hearts!—so much like ours—
They'd rather die than yield.

We run our eyes across the page,
And up and down each column;
We read the list of marriages
And births—the deaths, so solemn;
And then we wonder who will read,
When we have passed away,
A hundred years or more to come,
Our "Journal of To-day!"

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

You can just fancy how I felt when Sam drove up to the door one night, and I went out to get the package, to see brother Joshua's daughter Jemima on the seat with Sam, chatting and laughing away as merry as a cricket. I was powerful glad to see the child, but dreadfully mortified to find her tucked in there with the driver. I told Sam pretty sharply that he ought to know better, for there was plenty of room in side, and I didn't know what the boarders over the way would think of it.

"She was bound to ride outside," said Sam; "and a willful woman must have her way."

"Why, it's all the fashion up our way," said Mime. "The summer boarders swarm all over the tops of the coaches like so many lovely bees; but if it hurts anybody's feelings, I'm sorry. A school-marm must mind her p's and q's."

"A school-marm?" I said, wondering what the child meant. Then she told me she'd come out to take the poor little widow woman's place; that she'd written to Mr. Steele, the schoolmaster, for she couldn't get along at the school there.

"It would take a saint to put up with their airs and their interference, and you know I like to have my own way," said my niece Jemima.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire, Mime," I said. "The schoolmaster has it all his own way here, and he's little better than a brute. I've seen under my own eyes a woman's heart almost broken with him." Then I went on to tell how he'd tormented the poor widow woman into giving up the place, and how I'd seen her worry and fret till the skin fairly dropped off her bones.

"Pooh! pooh!" said my niece; "the skin won't drop off my bones, aunty."

And I couldn't help thinking what a pity it would be if it did, for whiter and finer and wholesomer skin I never did see. It was the kind that so often comes with red hair, and a lovelier color never was in a blossom than bloomed in Mime's cheek when she cried out:

"I've got to fight it out somewhere, aunty; let him mind his own business, and I'll mind mine!"

I couldn't bear the thoughts of her spirits and health being broken by that dreadful Mr. Steele.

"I'll tell you, Mime," I said, as she dried the dishes for me, "what we'll do. You shall stay at home with me and help about the shop; there's bonnets now and then to trim, and lots of little knickknacks in worsted work to be made."

"Now, aunty," said Mime, "a buffalo would be less clumsy at trimming a bonnet than I would, and as for worsted work"—

"I suppose so," I said, for I could see she was determined to teach.

The next morning she went to school, and for a month or so everything went right, and I didn't hear a word of complaint from her. She made fun enough for the schoolmaster, and said he didn't know how to manage the boys, and made himself more trouble than was necessary; that a coaxing word of hers went further than a dozen slashes with that rod of his; but every one had their own way, and it was none of her business. She was getting along splendidly, and the smaller children were quite delighted with a way she had of picturing out things on the blackboard. Mime was quite ready with her pencil, and had made us laugh, Sam Riley and me, many a time by scrawling off funny conceits on paper. Sam Riley began to drop in at night, and I noticed he was quite taken with Mime. Sam was well-to-do, and, outside of his line of stages, owned a fine house down on the main road. Sam didn't mind being hit off himself once in a while—him and his horses and passengers and all; he used to sit back in his chair and laugh till the tears rolled down his cheeks, and look over at me, winking and blinking, and whispering, under his breath, what a wonderful woman she was.

"She's as fresh and handsome as a rose," he would say when Mime was out of the room; "and what health she's got, and what spirits!"

I could see how things were going. Dear! dear! I used to sit and picture it all out to myself, and think how nice it would be to have Mime settled near me for life. So when she came home one afternoon from school, with a bright spot burning on either cheek, an angry flame in her eyes, and said to me that war had begun between her and Mr. Steele, I didn't so much mind, for I thought the sooner she got discouraged the better. Sam was well on to thirty, and though Mime's skin made her look younger than she was, there wasn't so much difference as you'd think between their ages.

"He's forbidden my illustration on the blackboard, aunty," said Mime; and though I didn't know one bit of board from another, I could see by the way she felt about it that it was a great spite to Mime. "He calls them pernicious and exciting to the imagination, and inurious to more practical requirements," said Jemima. And I couldn't quite get the hang of his objections, for every word of the schoolmaster's was as long as the moral law, but I could tell it was some imposition of his. "He's a narrow-minded idiot, and I shall tell him so if he persists in this notion," said Mime.

"If he persists," I said, "you'd better give it up. He's so set in his way, there's no use crossing him."

"I won't let him cross me," said Mime, and she didn't. She went on with her pictures on the blackboard for a full week or more, till one night there was a rap at the sitting-room door, and it gave me quite a turn to see the long bony figure of the schoolmaster standing on the threshold.

Mime started up, a hot color leaping into her face, and stood there confronting him like a young Jezebel.

The man looked pale enough himself, sinking into the chair I set for him as if he was quite worn and spent like, and he seemed beat out in some way; for though he fixed his eyes savagely on Mime, there was something in 'em that looked tired and hunted.

"I have come here to remonstrate with your niece, madam," he said to me, "though I've found it of very little use and profit heretofore; but however capable and efficient she may be, and however judicious it may seem to retain her services, her spirit of insubordination is too dangerous an example to the naturally rebellious and headstrong temperament of youth. She must confine herself strictly to the rules that govern the method of instruction. The trustee"—

"Don't put it on the trustees," broke in Mime; and I was glad she took it upon herself to answer him, for I couldn't make out head or tail of what he was saying, what with his long words and the fluster I was in. "The trustees are mere lay figures for you to dress your petty schemes of conceit and tyranny upon."

He waved his hand impatiently, and went on: "It is the will of the trustees that you shall put aside the puerile and reprehensible course you have taken in exciting the imagination and creating frivolous and mischievous emotions. The pursuits of my own class have been interrupted, their attention distracted"—

"Why don't your class mind their own business?" said Mime. "Why do you look at me, or listen to me, or bother with me at all? It is not your class that is disturbed, Mr. Steele, it is you." The schoolmaster's face suddenly reddened, then grew paler than before; he wiped the perspiration from his long, high forehead, and his bony fingers actually trembled on his knees. I don't wonder he was mad, for Mime went on in the most outrageous way. Her spunk was up, and she wasn't a bit afraid of him.

"You can't bear to see knowledge made easy and pleasant," she said. "You'd like to knock every new idea into the brain with a sledge-hammer; you hate to look over at the children and me, and see us making light of our task—it's gall and wormwood to you, Mr Steele."

"Hush, Mime!" I said, for I could see that he was getting more and more excited, and I didn't know but what he'd fling the lamp at her head, or something. But he mastered himself, and up he got and went away without another word; and pretty soon Sam Riley came in.

I thought we'd have a nice evening, for Mime was in high feather; and sitting down to the table, she caught up a pencil and made the schoolmaster take every ridiculous shape that she could. Her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed, and I didn't wonder Sam couldn't take his eyes off her face.

"Say the word, Mime," said Sam, "and I'll punch the idiot's head."

"Who are you calling an idiot?" said Mime, turning straight upon Sam. "If you had the hundredth part of his intelligence, you might be glad."

"I thought you called him so yourself," said Sam, meekly, for he was head-over-ears in love with the young termagant.

"If I did," said Mime, "it was absurd, and I'll never do it again. No, Sam, I'll beat him with his own weapons. I'll go to the trustees myself. If he can wheedle and coax them, so can I; and if he can bully them, perhaps I can do that too."

"You can do anything," said poor Sam.

And soon after that Mime said she was tired and sleepy, and sent Sam off, as cool as you please. Then she got upon her feet and walked about the floor, and I could see she was terribly put out and excited by the schoolmaster's visit.

"You'll wear yourself out for nothing," I said, for it vexed me to see her all in a fret that way from pure spite. "He'll break your health and spirits like he did with that poor little body that was here before you."

"I don't believe all those stories about that woman, aunty. I've found out she had heavier troubles than those put upon her by the schoolmaster. You musn't believe all that you hear."

That was the way with Mime—she was that contrary when she was vexed that she'd swear black was white, and take the part of the evil one himself.

She began from that time out to fight hard for her own way, and it got to be pretty well known she was winning over the trustees. The children had never liked anybody as they did Mime, and little Bill Pritchard, that used to play truant half the time, and would rather take a beating any day than be pent up in school, went there as regular as clock work now, and began to mark out horses and dogs with a stump of a pencil himself; and Mr. Pritchard he was one of the trustees, and thought the world and all of my niece Jemima.

But somehow or other, just as I said, the continual worriment of it fretted Mime, and she got thin and lost her pretty color; and the night she came home and said she had got the best of the schoolmaster, and the notice had been served on him that day that he was to let her have her own way of teaching, that night I made up my mind it was about time it was settled in some way, for Mime was more fidgety and contrary than ever; and I don't believe every thing would have turned out as it did if Mime had been in her sober senses. The girl was about half wild, and I don't believe she knew what she was about; for it stands to reason she must have hated the schoolmaster, and yet when I began to glory over his defeat, and say how glad Sam Riley would be, she shut me up in a minute.

"Sam Riley and Mr. Steele," she said, "are two very different men."

"I should hope so," I said.

"Sam is made of different stuff," she went on to say. "The little pricks and torments that sting the soul of Mr. Steele to madness would be utterly unfelt by Sam. Sam is a good fellow"—

"Thank you for Sam," I said, for she was enough to provoke a saint.

"But he has not the capacity for suffering that Mr. Steele has; and oh, aunty, he does suffer!"

"Serve him right, the monster," I said; and had scarce got the words out of my mouth when there was a rap at the door. I went over, thinking it was Sam Riley, when there was the thin, gaunt face of the schoolmaster again.

He came in and bowed as grave as an owl, and sat down on a chair by the door; his cane rolled down beside him on the floor, and for a full minute or so he couldn't find a word out of that long dictionary in his head.

I was glad to see that Mime's spunk came back at the sight of him. Her eyes were as bright as they could be, and her cheeks like the heart of a hollyhock.

"My errand here, Miss Jemima," he began, "is altogether a friendly one. You have so much spirit and determination that I think your present subordinate position is unfit for you. I know of one that will be shortly vacant, which you can fill with great credit to yourself and all concerned."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Mime, her lips beginning to curl, and the color of her cheeks deepening to a flame, "but I'm quite satisfied where I am. I can well understand that you'd be glad to be rid of me, but I must beg to decline. I'm not going away from here."

"But I am going away from here," said the schoolmaster, getting upon his feet. "It is my place that will be vacant, and I think you may have it if you choose."

"You—you!" said Mime; and I don't wonder the child was astounded at the news. I was quite flustered myself.

"Yes," said the schoolmaster; "you can have your own way now." And he went out the door, bowing awkwardly as he went, a queer miserable smile struggling into his face.

Dear! dear! the contrariness of woman! No sooner was the door well shut on him than Mime put her head on the table and began to cry. Her hair got loose and fell all about her, and, to make the matter worse, I heard a footstep outside, and this time I thought it must be Sam Riley.

"For goodness' sake, Mime," I said, "don't let Sam Riley see you in this way!"

But the door opened, and there stood the schoolmaster again. He said he had come back for his cane; but he never stooped to pick it up, but stood staring at Mime as if she was a ghost instead of the fresh, pretty, wholesome creature that she was. She raised her head, and though her face was half hidden by her hair, her eyelashes were wet, and the tears not dried yet on her cheeks.

The school master, not minding me any more than if I was a block of wood or something, walked straight over to Mime.

"You know very well," he said, "that I am only going away from here because I love you. Because it was not the class that was distracted by your pretty ways and devices; it was I. You know all this very well, and can tell me whether I had better go or not. Now tell me, shall I stay?"

You might have knocked me down with a feather when I saw Mime put her hand out timidly to the school master, and he turn pale and catch it in both his own.

"Of course not," I broke in, for I was near distracted by the way things were going. "If you're an honorable man, and got any sense left, and an eye in your head, you'd see that my niece is as good as engaged to Sam Riley."

"Sam Riley!" said Mime, as scornful as if poor Sam was a toad or something, and holding on to the school master's horny hands as if she was drowning. Like enough they'll beat her some day, and if so she'll like him all the better for it, for before I'd got out of the room I heard her tell him she'd teach any way that suited him best; and my only hope is that he's got a little money laid by, for he said he didn't intend she should teach at all. But, dear! dear! when I heard the crack of Sam Riley's whip outside, and knew the evening stage was in, and poor Sam not knowing what was in store for him, I had to go up stairs and have a cry all to myself. And all I can say is, if Mime marries the school master, it's a mighty queer courtship.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Simple Cure for Drunkenness.

A Brooklyn man writes to the New York *Sun*: I drank more intoxicating liquor from the year 1857 to the last day of 1873 than any other person I ever knew or heard of; and in the meantime, knowing this sure cure, did not practice it on myself, but for fun, did practice it on many others, and effected permanent cures. The remedy of the cure is this: When a person finds he must have a drink, let him take a drink of water, say two or three swallows, as often as the thirst or craving may desire. Let him continue this practice. His old chums will laugh; but let him persevere, and it will not be a week before the appetite for any kind of stimulant will disappear altogether, and water be taken to quench the natural thirst. If at any time the victim should feel a craving, let him take the first opportunity and obtain a swallow of water, and he can pass and repass all saloons. When he goes home at night he will feel satisfied and be sober and have money in his pocket. I commenced this practice the first day of 1874, and never think of taking a drink of stimulant.

BREAD.

The Use of This Indispensable Article of Food From the Earliest Period--The Different Kinds of Bread.

The original signification of this word was anything that may be eaten, or, in general, food; but as now used it signifies a preparation of some of the cereal grains. Since the day that "Abraham hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said: Make ready three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth," bread has been among all civilized nations a staple article of food. The various processes used by the ancient Egyptians in making bread are distinctly represented to-day in the paintings on their tombs. The primitive mode of making bread was to stir the cereal, ground fine, with water until a thin dough was formed. This was made into cakes, laid on hot coals and covered with ashes and cooked, then eaten warm. The Arabs of the desert still employ this method. Later, ovens were invented. These were round vessels of brass or earthenware, which were heated by a fire kindled around them. When hot the dough was spread upon their sides in thin flakes. During the war with Perseus, king of Macedon, about 200 years before the Christian era, the Romans learned the art of fermenting bread, and on their return from Macedonia brought bakers with them. These bakers and their successors held very high place in the public estimation; they had the care of the public granaries and enjoyed many privileges. From Rome the art of bread-making with fermentation found its way into France; but not until near the close of the seventeenth century was yeast in general use in the north of Europe for bread-making. In 1688 the college of physicians in Paris, France, declared bread made with yeast to be injurious to health, whereupon the government prohibited bakers from using it under a severe penalty, but the superiority of yeast bread became so apparent that the prohibitory laws were enforced, and soon became a dead letter. Before yeast was used in raising bread, leaven was employed for this purpose. This was made by mixing flour and water into dough, and keeping it in a temperature of from 70° to 80° until it fermented, which would be in three or four days. This leaven was then mixed with a quantity of fresh dough, and when the whole mass was fermented it was ready for the oven, and all baked, save a pound or more, which was reserved for the next batch of bread. If buried in a sack of flour the leaven would keep many days without spoiling. As wheaten flour contains more gluten than the flour of any other of the cereals, it is very difficult to make wheaten bread spongy and porous without the use of some kind of fermentation. In the South hammered biscuit are in request on account of their freedom from yeast and yeast powers. They are made of flour, water or milk, and salt, hammered with the rolling-pin for an hour or so, made into tiny shapes and baked in a quick oven. The hammering introduces air between the particles of dough, and thus makes it light. Oatmeal, cornmeal and barleymeal contain much less gluten than wheat flour, and can therefore be readily made into light, thin cakes without any fermenting agent. Barley and oatmeal were for a long time the dependence of our Saxon ancestors for bread. It was probably barley bannocks the great King Alfred was set to watch when he took refuge in the swine-herd's cottage. With the facilities within reach of almost every housekeeper, there is no good reason why every household should not have a perpetual peacemaker in the family in the shape of well-compounded, nutritious and palpable bread.

The Potato Starch Industry.

The Springfield *Republican* says of the potato starch industry, which has already assumed considerable proportions in Washington, Clinton and Essex counties of New York:

One of the most important manufactured products of the small country towns of New England and New York State is potato starch. It is believed that nearly 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes are frequently consumed per year in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and New York in the production of potato starch. This amount is three-eighths as large as the potato crop of Maine, three-fourths as large as that of New Hampshire, three-fifths as large as that of Vermont, one-tenth as large as that of New York State, of about the same magnitude as that of Massachusetts, and much larger than the crops of Connecticut or Rhode Island. There are about 225 factories engaged in the manufacture of potato starch, and probably all of them, with one or two exceptions, are located in the States of New York, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The average price paid for potatoes by starch manufacturers during the past season has been thirty cents per bushel. The aggregate annual production of all the factories is usually from 6,000 to 11,000 tons. A bushel of potatoes generally makes eight pounds of starch, 250 bushels, therefore being required for a ton. As the average market quotation for potato starch is about five cents per pound, it follows that a bushel of potatoes brings only forty cents after being converted into starch, and the value of the total production of potato starch in the country is from $800,000 to $1,200,000 per annum.

How Two Grocers Came to New York.

The Troy (N. Y.) *Whig* tells this story: A couple of clerks in a large grocery store on River street, not far from Washington square, had a very pleasant trip to New York on the City of Troy, Tuesday evening. Some packages were to be shipped by the boat, and the young men were hurried off with them a few moments previous to departure. In their haste to get to the craft they went in their shirt sleeves, and without hats. On board the boat they met a couple of fair ones with whom they stopped to converse a moment, and the chat was so interesting that they did not hear the cry "all aboard" nor realize until too late that the boat had moved from the dock, and they were obliged to make the trip to the metropolis minus hats and coats, and what was still more embarrassing, without cash in their pockets. They managed to negotiate a loan when the boat arrived, and with borrowed coats and hats returned the next evening.

MOHAMMED.

A Condensed History of the Founder of the Turkish Religion.

We briefly record the story of the founder of the present Mohammedan religion: Arabia never was conquered by any foreign nation. Its sands have been its security, and the poverty of the scattered people offered no temptation. It was always the native country of romance and superstition. In it Sabeanism, or star-worship, prevailed for indefinite ages, till overturned by Mohammed, who was born at Mecca, in 569. His father was Abdallah and his mother Amina, both of good family and great personal beauty. His grandfather, Motalleb, who took charge of him, died at the age of 110. His uncle, Abu Taleb, brought him up as his own son, and took him, with a caravan, to Egypt and Syria; and he afterward served in a campaign under his uncle, who was the commander and guardian of the ancient temple of the Caaba. At twenty-five he married Cadiga, a rich and noble widow, and lived in opulence. The religions of the Arabs were the ancient Sabeanism, Jewish and Christian. At forty he announced himself a prophet, and taught the Unity of God in opposition to the Trinity, and disclaimed the reverence bestowed on Ezra. His first converts were his wife, his cousin Ali, his servant Zeid, and Abu-Bekr, a man of distinction, who made five proselytes. He now preached in public the belief and worship of one God, in the courts of the Caaba, and began to produce the Koran. This, he pretended, was brought to him ready written by the angel Gabriel, and its florid composition, in splendid Arabic language, imposed on the vulgar. The Koresh now sought his life, and he fled with Abu-Bekr to Medina in 622 (the Hegira), where five hundred disciples met him. Here he adopted the kingly and sacerdotal office, established a mosque, and publicly preached. He banished seven hundred of his opponents and buried seven hundred alive, chiefly Jews, seizing their wealth. He soon after had a battle with one thousand of the Koresh forces, and defeated them in the battle of Beber, in 623, after which he had one thousand warriors, but at the battle of Ohud was defeated, and Medina was besieged by twelve thousand and defended by three thousand; but the besiegers being baffled, a ten years' peace was concluded. Two years after he gained a victory at Muta, over a large army of the Eastern empire; and in 629, with ten thousand men, took Mecca, and destroying the three hundred and sixty idols in the Caaba, consecrated it to his own religion, called Islamism. In another year all Arabia listened to his pretensions, and he now marched with thirty thousand men against the Eastern empire, securing a peace by his approach. He returned to Medina and performed the Pilgrimage of the Valedi tion, with a train of 114,000 believers. Soon after he was supposed to be poisoned, and died at Medina in 632, aged sixty-three. He was regarded as a man adorned with every virtue.

Fashion Notes.

Colored laces are too much worn.

Clair de lune jet means colored jet.

The reign of striped hosiery is over.

White caps are fashionable at Newport.

Box plaited basques will be much worn this fall.

Fashionable pique suits for children are no longer braided.

Colored jet beads bid fair to be the rage as a fashionable trimming.

Little boys and girls under six or seven wear the same styles of dresses.

Lace buttons are revived for organdy and Swiss muslin garments.

All new polonaises and hotel basques simulate men's frock and dress coats.

Pique is the fall dress fabric for little folks, combined with Hamburg or open work trimming.

The suits for small children of both sexes are the princess robe, the English frock, and the Scotch kilt.

A profusion of ribbon bows with tight straps and long loops and ends are seen on some of the importations of dresses for fall wear.

Chenille net polonaises, embroidered with chenille, are the latest costly novelties for upper garments to be worn over silk skirts and bodices.

Very pretty boots are now shown in fancy styles especially adapted for the percale toilettes. Many now wear the high slipper, which almost conceals the foot, for walking and driving.

The colored bead passementeries which will be used on fall dresses will give them the appearance of being strewn with precious stones. Such passementeries will be applied only to evening and reception toilets.

For very small children, the most effective pique dresses are cut pompadour or square in the neck, the sleeves are short, and the whole trimmed with ruffles and flounces of Hamburg embroidery, headed with insertings of the same.

A new style of infants' cloak is made with a waist plaited skirt, a coachman's or short military cape covering the shoulders and turning back in front with a silk lining. The colors chosen for these novelties are pale blue, pink, gray, and even tilleul, but white is not exploded, and is the handsomest of all.

A Singular Compact.

Mr. Ronay de Maly Sambor, in the province of Tchernikoff, Russia, committed suicide recently under singular circumstances. As the gentleman was very rich, and had excellent reasons for remaining in the world, his voluntary exit was puzzling, but was explained by a letter found in his desk, alongside of a pistol case. Ten years before he had engaged to fight a duel, but instead of going into the field it was decided that one of the two contestants should kill himself in ten years, unless his adversary gave him permission to live. Lots were drawn in order to decide who should be the victim, and Mr. Ronay was the unlucky man. The time for the suicide was May 11, 1877, and accordingly on the tenth he received a letter from his cold blooded antagonist demanding the fulfillment of his word.

A Dangerous Cigar Trap.

A late issue of the Cincinnati *Commercial* has the following: A few evenings since a man walked into a cigar stand on Vine street and lighted a cigar, or rather relighted it. As he threw away the taper and whiffed vigorously at the weed, something occurred that rather startled him and those who happened to be standing near. It was an explosion, a sharp crack. There were smoke and flying tobacco and an odor of powder, in the midst of which the victim vanished, without waiting for the sympathy and interrogatories that were sure to have been poured upon him.

Yesterday noon Police Commissioner Carson was standing on Fifth street, when he and a friend were startled by a report, as if of the explosion of a pistol. Looking across the street they saw a young man with his head bowed and his hands up to his face, as if in suffering. "Somebody must have shot him," said one. "Perhaps he has tried suicide," said the other, as there was nobody near to do the shooting. They crossed over to the young man, and the party entered a drug store, where the young man, evidently badly scared, was found to be but little worse for the explosion. His face was not burned, but there was a slight burning of the roof of the mouth on the left side. Mr. Carson asked him his name and where he lived. He answered that it was William Brown, and that he lived on Sycamore street. Soon afterward he acknowledged that he had not told the truth. He then said that his name was James McCarthy. He had given the wrong name and address, in the first place, through fear of getting his name into the newspapers. The officer accompanied him to his home.

As the officer was about to leave he was accosted by Alexander Corbin, who keeps a little policy office with a "coal" sign and a small cigar stand for a "stall," with a question as to the trouble. The officer informed him, whereupon Corbin, in great triumph, informed the officer that the cigar that had caused the trouble had doubtless been stolen from his case. He had for a long time been troubled by cigar thieves, who had robbed him of three hundred dollars' worth. To detect and punish them, if possible, he had lately charged twenty-five cigars with powder in small tin cylinders. Some of these cigars had been stolen. He thought that if the officer would search young McCarthy he would, perhaps, find more of the same kind on his person. The search was made, and, sure enough, another of the loaded weeds was found.

A reporter for the *Commercial* procured one of these small infernal machines and examined it. The cigar is of common stock, dark wrapper, full size. Exactly one-third of its length—the middle third—is occupied by a tin cylinder, about an inch and a fifth in length and about a fifth of an inch in diameter. The end toward the month is of tin, and well secured; but that toward the other end of the cigar is covered only with paper, and very thin paper at that. The inevitable result of the smoking of one of these cigars is an explosion when the cigar is about one-third burned.

How Franklin Got a Seat.

In the year 1772 Franklin visited Boston, and on his return to Philadelphia at every stopping place he was beset with officious inquiries, etc., on which he determined to be beforehand with interrogatories in future.

At the next tavern he registered himself as Benjamin Franklin, from Boston to Philadelphia, a printer not worth a dollar, eighteen years of age, a single man seeking his fortune, etc., and his singular introduction checked all further inquiries and effectually repulsed the daring propensity of native inquisitiveness. At one of the public houses the fireplace was surrounded by men so closely packed our traveler could not approach near enough to feel any of its agreeable warmth, and being cold and chilled he called out:

"Hostler, have you any oysters?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Well, then, give my horse a peck," said Franklin.

"What, give your horse oysters?"

"Yes," retorted Franklin; "give him a peck of oysters."

The hostler carried out the oysters and many of the occupants of the fireplace went with him to witness the great curiosity of a horse eating oysters. Franklin seated himself comfortably before the fire and derived much satisfaction and enjoyment from the funny experiment. Soon the men came in, and the company with rueful faces expressed most decided dissatisfaction at their disappointment.

"The horse would not eat the oysters, sir," and they had lost their cosey, comfortable, warm seats.

"Well, if the horse won't eat them I'll eat them myself, and you may try him with a peck of oats."

No More Turkey.

A traveler departing from Oriental scenes breaks out in the following rhapsody: Farewell to the gay gardens, the spicy bazaars, to the splash of fountains and the gleam of golden-tipped minarets! Farewell to the perfect morns, the balmy twilights, the still heat of the blue noons, the splendor of moon and stars! Farewell to the glare of the white crags, the tawny wastes of dead sand, the valleys of oleander, the hills of myrtle and spices! Farewell to the bath, agent of purity and peace, and parent of delicious dreams— to the shebook, whose fragrant fumes are breathed from the lips of patience and contentment—to the narghileh, crowned with that blessed plant which grows in the gardens of shiras, while a fountain more delightful than those of samarcand bubbles in its crystal bosom! Farewell to the red cap and slippers, to the big turban, the flowing trousers, and the gaudy shawl—to squatting on broad divans, to sipping black coffee in acorn cups, to grave faces and salaam aleikooms, and touching of the lips and forehead! Farewell to the evening meal in the tent door, to the couch on the friendly earth, to the yells of the muleteers, to the deliberate marches of the plodding horse, and the endless rocking of the dromedary that knoweth its master! Farewell, finally, to annoyance without anger, delay without vexation, indolence without ennui, endurance without fatigue, appetite without intemperance, enjoyment without pall!

A Woman's "No."

He spoke to her with manly word—
With honest speech and slow;
She felt she loved him as she heard,
But yet she answered "No."

She saw him rise, she saw him stand,
As staggering from a blow;
She could have kissed his trembling hand,
But still she answered "No."

And so he goes—to come no more!
But let him only go,
Her voice will call him from the door—
Who trusts a woman's "No?"

Items of Interest

A new Chinese theater is to be erected on Washington street, San Francisco, at a cost of $30,000.

The foreman of a jury in Texas, which lately granted a divorce to a woman, married her the same day.

Many of the wagons going to the Black Hills are drawn by cows, which furnish sufficient milk to pay the tolls.

Three good-looking young ladies the other day stood beside a grocer's sign which read: "Don't squeeze these peaches."

An international congress is to take measures against the phylloxera and Colorado beetle, the destroyers of vines and potatoes.

The inhabitants of the mountain valleys of North Italy are embarking in large numbers from Mediterranean ports for America.

The United States occupies the third place in the list of hop-growing countries, Germany taking the lead and England ranking second.

Some Europeans think that Europe can take 2,000,000 American cattle every year, because some of the old countries have reached the limit of cattle-raising.

A post-mortem examination on the body of a New York man who had died of consumption showed that the heart was on the right side and the liver on the left.

Turkish soldiers are taller than the Russians, and will average at least five feet and ten inches. They wear full beards, but have their heads shaved, or the hair cut very short.

A market street lady purchased a nice new door mat the other morning with the word "Welcome" stamped thereon in glowing letters, and the first to come along and plank his number elevens on it was a book agent.

A wandering old portrait painter named Cooper, always seen with a rusty satchel under his arm, has been found dead near Martinville, Ky., and the bundle when opened was found to contain $65,000 in government bonds.

A farmer named Reuben White, while cutting oats in a field near Washington Courthouse, Ohio, cut through a nest of bees. His horses, maddened by the stings of the insects, threw him from his seat before the sickle. He was so badly mangled that he died in a few minutes.

A contemporary says in a recent article: "If you wish to know whether a man is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you." A fellow tried this plan a few days since, upon a well-dressed man he met at a railway station. The well-dressed man took the parcel, and the other was satisfied that he was superior to the prejudices of society, but he has not seen the parcel since.

They were walking arm in arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a new Princesse dress. The setting sun was gilding the western heaven, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow over all the earth. He said in a subdued tone: "Isn't it lovely?" "Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion; "I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her for any thing." He shuddered.

A gentleman had been bothered so constantly with tramps and their entreaties for something to eat that he instructed his cook to tell them she had nothing. The other day one of them dropped in and made the usual plea and inquiry. The cook responded promptly: "We have nothing at all." The tramp then courteously asked: "Have you an old basket you could let me have?" The girl replied: "No! What do you want with a basket?" Tramp—"Oh, I thought I would run over to the poor-house and get you some cold victuals."

Why They Often Fail.

Young men often fail to get on in this world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in little things, they are not promoted to the charge of greater things.

A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it is not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully.

The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit, a person of only ordinary abilities would outstrip one of greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters.

But, after all, the mere adoption by a young man, of this great essential rule of success, shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.

A Valuable Table for Reference.

A sum of money placed at compound interest at the rate stated in the first column, doubles itself in the time given in columns opposite, in the following table:

	Years.	Months.	Days.
1½ per cent.	46	6	19½
2 "	35	0	1
2½ "	28	0	25
3 "	23	5	10½
3½ "	20	0	52 18-24
4 "	17	8	10 17-24
4½ "	15	9	20 22-24
5 "	14	2	13
5½ "	12	11	10
6 "	11	10	21½
7 "	10	2	27½
8 "	9	4	3-24
9 "	8	0	15